

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXVIII—NUMBER 51

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1923.

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PROTHINGHAM DECLARED SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY

A letter received at Rumford Friday from the law court announced that William O. Frothingham of South Paris, Democratic candidate for sheriff in the September election, was elected by a plurality of 24 votes over his Republican opponent Frank E. Woodside of Fryeburg, who on the strength of a certificate of election given him by the Governor and Council has been acting sheriff up to this time.

At the time of the election the vote between these two candidates was so close that a recount was demanded by Mr. Frothingham, who on the face of the returns lacked only 13 votes of being elected. Judge Matthew McCarthy of Rumford, attorney for Mr. Frothingham, filed a petition to determine who had been elected sheriff of Oxford county and Chief Justice Corbush ruled that Frothingham had been elected. Then Woodside filed an appeal to the full bench. By the decision of the law court as announced, Woodside's appeal is dismissed and Frothingham is declared the legally elected sheriff of Oxford county.

When the decision was first announced, it was feared an interruption of the present term of court would result, as it was agreed that Woodside and his deputies were no longer in authority. However, an agreement was reached whereby Mr. Woodside and his deputies continued to act until Mr. Frothingham took the office Monday morning.

The receipt in the case which reviews in detail the vote and contested ballots, was drawn by Justice Spear, and is as follows:

At the State election held on the second Monday of September, 1922, in Oxford County, Frank E. Woodside was the regular party nominee for sheriff on the Republican ballot, and William O. Frothingham, the regular party nominee on the Democratic ballot for the same office. The returns, as counted by the Governor and Council, gave Woodside 5,902 votes; Frothingham, 4,999; were in town Saturday and attended at scattering.

A certificate of election was issued to Woodside; whereupon a petition was filed in due time by Frothingham to determine the election of sheriff, which, upon due notice was heard by Chief Justice Corbush, and from his decision in favor of the petitioner, an appeal was taken, to accordance with the statute, to the law court.

The decision in the case depends upon the construction of the public laws of 1917, chapters 288 and 289 approved on the same date. If these statutes are to be construed together, as declared by the Chief Justice, then there is no question but that the petitioner had a plurality of the legally cast ballots; and vice versa if they are not to be construed together.

In accordance with the opinion of the majority of the court, the summary is now as follows:

Total for Frothingham, 5,019.
Total for Woodside, 4,997.

Plurality for Frothingham, 22.
It is therefore concluded that the petitioner, William O. Frothingham, having received a plurality of all the ballots cast for sheriff of Oxford County at the State election held on Sept. 11, 1922, was duly elected sheriff of said county for the term beginning Jan. 1, 1923, and is entitled by law to said office as now claimed by him.

Appeal dismissed with costs.
Sheriff Frothingham has not yet made all of his appointments. Among those appointed are E. J. Bodock of Rumford, P. E. Worcester of Norway, R. R. Billings of Woodstock and Wilbur Beck of Buckfield.

Mr. Fred E. Worcester of Bethel has been appointed judge and will move his family there as soon as arrangements can be made to make the change.

AMERICAN LEGION MOVING PICTURE CLASSIC

"The Man Without a Country"
To Be Presented at Odessa Hall,
Wednesday Evening, May 23

Only one more week and you have the chance to see and enjoy one of the greatest of American film classics. We are giving you this picture at a very low price of admission in order that everyone can afford a seat at Odessa Hall.

Every American citizen should make possible effort to see this picture.

A great many people who have read the story will be glad to see it reproduced on the screen.

Remember this, a picture with a great lesson.

Don't forget the date and place. Odessa Hall, 207 N. Main.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Ella Mansfield was in Portland, Saturday.

Mr. Harry King was a visitor in Portland, recently.

Mrs. J. W. Carter is visiting in Berlin, N. H., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Osgood are visiting in Waterville and Bangor.

Mr. Robert Wheeler of South Paris was a business visitor in town, Tuesday.

Miss Dorothy Goodnow was the week end guest of Miss Alice Smith in Norway.

Mr. Barton Abbott, who is employed at Turner, was at home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Russell were in Stockholm and Norway over the week end.

Mrs. T. F. Vashaw and party were guests of relatives at Errol Dam, Sunday.

Mrs. I. H. Wight was the guest of relatives and friends in Gorham, N. H., Friday.

Mrs. Arkett of Bryant's Pond is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sidney Chapman, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bartlett and son, Wilbert, were at W. D. Mills, West Bethel, Sunday.

Mr. Harold Bennett and friend of Boston, Mass., are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bennett.

Friends of Mr. C. H. Davis are glad to see him out on the street again after being confined to his home for several weeks by illness.

Mr. Ed. Anderson of South Paris, Miss Madie Haselton of Norway and Mrs. Josephine Grant of Mechanic Falls, who were in town Saturday and attended the funeral of Mrs. Elsie Anderson.

The district meeting of Rebekah Lodges at South Paris last Friday was largely attended in spite of the rumor of contagious diseases in that locality. A fine time was enjoyed and a very profitable meeting held.

Mr. P. J. Tyler is to take a limited amount of string beans at his canning factory this coming season. The farmers of Bethel and vicinity are asked to cooperate with Mr. Tyler if they wish to have the canning business grow in Bethel.

Little Dorothy Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hutchinson, celebrated her sixth birthday May 8. Nine little friends were invited. Games were played, and refreshments of ice cream, cake and fancy crackers were served. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

The following article taken from the Berlin Reporter will be of interest to Bethel people: "Alfred Dana of Gorham, N. H., who for the past year has been suffering from Bright's Disease and has been under the care of Rowan Goodwin, the successful chiropractor of Berlin, is completely restored to health and returned in his work."

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral of Mrs. Agnes Straw last Wednesday were: Mrs. Bettinger and Mr. William Howe of Waterville, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Dodge of New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Skinner and Mr. Harold Hastings of Bethel; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunt of Fryeburg; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Miss John Martin of South Paris.

Friends of Rev. Frank P. Foster, a former pastor of the Methodist church in Bethel, will be sorry to hear that he was badly injured last Monday morning. Mr. Foster has been in ill health for some time past. Some time during the night he arose, dressed a pair of trousers and hat and started out of the house. His habit had been to walk in a nearby drug store for medicine and it is supposed that that fact led him to that store where he opened the door to the east crate leading to a cellar in the Massena building. His first step after opening the door he pitched into space and fell 45 feet into the cellar.

He sustained a broken leg and other injuries. Mr. Foster does not remember a thing that happened after he went to his room. He was precipitated in space. His friends here hope for a speedy recovery.

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AUTO ACCIDENT

A Ford touring car containing five people overturned at the foot of the hill near the residence of Bert Harlow on the North Newry road, Sunday afternoon at about five o'clock. The party was from Rumford.

The driver of the car lost control of it and failed to make the turn. The car went out of the road and the mud guard struck a tree and then went into another tree, throwing the occupants of the car out and tipping the car up on its side.

One woman was badly hurt, it being necessary to call an ambulance to carry her to Rumford. The other occupants of the car were badly shaken up and bruised but not seriously. The car was badly damaged.

NORWAY WILL BUILD NEW HIGH SCHOOL

After a somewhat warm contest, the special town meeting in Norway Saturday afternoon settled the question by voting to build a new high school. A previous special meeting two weeks earlier had voted on the proposition. The special meeting of the 12th voted, 227 to 98 to rescind the action of the other meeting. It voted to raise by an issue of bonds \$33,000 for a new high school building, \$3,000 for a central heating plant, and \$2,000 for equipment. The building committee is composed of Lawrence M. Carroll, H. Walter Brown, Edwin S. Cummings, Albert J. Stearns and Albert A. Towne.

PARENT-TEACHER MEETING

The Parent-Teacher Association meeting, May 17 will be for business only. Mr. Taylor, the speaker, will come at some more favorable time in the future.

CORPORATION MEETING

Last Thursday evening a special corporation meeting was held for the purpose of electing a first assessor and transacting other business. Not a very large number attended.

Mr. P. B. Merrill was elected Moderator. Mr. E. M. Walker's resignation was accepted as first assessor and Mr. D. Grover Brooks was elected to fill the office.

Article 6 of the By-Laws was amended and the first assessor's pay was fixed at \$500 per year, the other officers receiving the same as in the past.

The article relative to repaying the drain from the fountain on the common was passed over.

GRANGE NEWS

ALDER RIVER GRANGE
Alder River Grange, P. of H. No. 145, met in regular session at Grange Hall, Wednesday evening, May 9, for children's night with a good attendance.

Worthy Master Guy Bartlett in the chair. Grange opened in form. Usual routine of business disposed of.

On motion Grange voted that Worthy Master close without form for public program. Worthy Lecturer Robert Hastings assisted by Miss Laura Cummings presented the following program:

Recitation, Iva and Raymond Bartlett
Recitation, Pauline Harrington
Recitation, Fred Haines
Recitation, Leonard Tyler
Recitation, James Haines
Recitation, Ernest Swan
Recitation, Joseph Holt

Recitation, Mary Goodrich
Recitation, David and Elizabeth Foster
Recitation, Edward Haines
Recitation, Freda Harrington
Recitation, George Carter
Recitation, Nanette Foster
Recitation, Gene and Elsie Harris
Recitation, Jack Foster
Recitation, Davis Foster
Recitation, Freeman Merrill
Recitation, Leland Goodrich
Recitation, Rose Hillings
Recitation, Rodney Howe
Recitation, Melles Kimball
Recitation, Iva Harrington
Recitation, Gladys Haines
Recitation, Agnes Howe
Recitation, Iva Bartlett
Recitation, Esther Holt
Recitation, Lillian Harrington
Recitation, Ethel Hastings
Recitation, Gladys Hastings, Elizabeth Howe

Accompanied by Ethel Hastings, Gladys Hastings, Elizabeth Howe, Melles Kimball, and others, refreshments of ice cream and cake were served followed by the social hour with games for the children. Much credit is due the committee, Misses Laura and Maud Cummings and Mrs. New England for a most delightful evening enjoyed by all, especially the children.

(Continued on page 1)

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

The Lawyers and their Laws
The American Law Institute will receive a hundred thousand dollars a year for ten years—a million dollars—from the Carnegie Corporation, for the purpose of making a "restatement of the common law."

The lawyers have always contributed most of the law makers to their country, with results not entirely satisfactory even to the Blackstonian family. And so their leaders came together recently and they took stock of their legal holding. They were dismayed to find that in a period during which more than 60,000 judicial decisions were rendered that more than 60,000 new laws were enacted by Congress and the State legislatures. And they agreed that their brightest men, selected from their own ranks to be Judges and Justices had become so befuddled about what the law is, that while one of them decides in a certain fashion, a fellow judge—or several of them—is interpreting and deciding the same statute from a wholly different angle. A "just judge," a "good judge," for instance may pass a sentence of two or three years in a manslaughter case, while in some far less serious case a "hard-boiled judge" may send up some erring sinner for the same crime.

Issue of bonds \$33,000 for a new high school building, \$3,000 for a central heating plant, and \$2,000 for equipment. The building committee is composed of Lawrence M. Carroll, H. Walter Brown, Edwin S. Cummings, Albert J. Stearns and Albert A. Towne.

With the object set forth to "restate and simplify the law," no one would take a quarrel, but the average layman is likely to question whether the simplification of the law will work as fast as the members in the law during the next ten years. If the "simplifiers" can keep even then surely it looks hopeful for the next generation. This is true, because lawyers were all lawyers in the beginning, but nowadays they divide into so many varieties that a corporation lawyer is a stranger to a patent lawyer, and to who "practices before the departments" in Washington looks down with contempt and scorn upon his humble brother who appears in the "lower courts." A few men have broken into Congress and maintained a reputation as "constitutional lawyers," but more lawyers have achieved very indifferent results in referring to the practice of their profession after retiring from public life.

Even so, the lawyers are to be commended upon the pride shown in their profession, and the attempt they are making, with the aid of the Carnegie money, to make the law understandable. It is not proposed to codify the law, but the attempt will be along the lines of drafting an authoritative statement of the law in the sense that the decisions of the higher courts are authoritative as legal precedents.

The Water Power Act
Over 400 applications for licenses or permits have been made to the Federal Power Commission in about two years. This means that everywhere throughout the United States there is a purpose in motion to abandon to a very large degree the "power house" where take of coal and being fed into furnaces to make steam, a generation ago a water power was exploited only for manufacturing.

Now hydroelectricity has been developed to such an extent that a dam generates power that is conveyed by electricity over a space of two hundred miles, or more. By sending its power with other places a water power makes a distance of 200 miles, the engineers who have this in charge say that they can distribute this water power over a zone 1000 miles. The practical experiments, and the demonstration make certain that hydroelectric power can be carried over a system as much 1000 miles from start to finish. This likely will serve to some in the United States because there are so many

At the last—
With her sandals of faith brightly shod
Climbed she the steps to the mansions of God.
She has entered the gates of that city,
The city not made by hands;
She has passed from earth and its desires
To the beautiful heavenly lands.
And the angels sang soft at her coming
And the crown of a victor did bring
To place on the brow of our loved one
As she sat at the feet of her King.

That lovely we turn to thy light,
For neither has passed from our life,
And our hearts, full of tenderest feelings,
On the chair where sometimes she rested
We gaze with fast falling eyes,
And her work with its stitches waits
Unfolded,
Yet we know she would bid us cease weeping.

For the Master's ways ever are best;
The "let form we look on as if sleeping"
Her spirit rears free with the bliss.
In that land of fair shimmering brightness,
Where no clouds ever darken the sun,
Bethel, May, 1923.

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EFFIE HASELTON ANDERSON

Mrs. Anderson passed away in the early morning of May 10th, 1923, aged 65 years.

She was born in Bethel, the daughter of John and Hannah (Wheeler) Haselton and was educated in the schools of the town. In early womanhood she married Charles Anderson and came to live in the same house in which she died.

She leaves one son, John Anderson, and wife, one granddaughter and one grandson, also one brother, Sherman Haselton, and one sister, Miss Ida Haselton, three nieces and two nephews.

Mrs. Anderson was confined to her bed only a few brief weeks and was most tenderly cared for by her family, the only sister hardly leaving the bedside. Although suffering greatly at times no complaining word ever passed her lips.

She was a member of the M. E. Church of Bethel.

Funeral services were held at her late home, Saturday afternoon, May 12. Rev. C. B. Oliver speaking tender words of consolation to the sorrowing relatives and friends. A profusion of beautiful flowers was an eloquent message of sympathy, covering and surrounding the casket.

"Out from the royal palace,
Out from the cottage low,
God clearly calls his children
And in silence they haste to go.
Away from earth's loved and loving,
To report to the great white throne,
Where, as one by one we are gathered,
Some day one will welcome us home."

From our midst has gone one whose life had been filled full of useful deeds and helpful words.

How slight and frail of body she was to have so successfully battled with all the hard things that had fallen to her lot, but of a resolute, cheerful temperament she scaled heights and overcame obstacles that many a more robust person would have quailed before.

She had drunk deep at the fountain of sorrow, having been left a widow when a young woman and from that time she devoted her life to her only son, and loyal, loving comrades they have ever been. When a few years ago she married Mrs. Leona Parlin, the mother's heart welcomed her with as tender love as an own daughter could have received, and no grandchildren ever enjoyed a more sympathetic, tender affection than she has lavished on hers.

No quiet were her ministrations, so peace falling the "little kindnesses" that her friends had not thought they could cease, and not until she had left earth for the higher life did they realize how all had relied upon the clearness of her vision, how surely her keen insight and rare powers of intuition had held them to the right. Although such a quiet home keeper as she was the inspiration of her life carried far.

All who came within the circle of her influence, all who needed her love and care shared in the benediction of that great heart which, not content with ministering to her nearest and dearest found room for the companionship of her own, and kept always a corner for the friends of her own youthful days.

Letters of sympathy from far away friends who had been helped by her uplifting words and willing hands show that the kind acts, forgotten by her as soon as accomplished, are mountain peaks in the memory of all who knew her.

At the last—
With her sandals of faith brightly shod
Climbed she the steps to the mansions of God.
She has entered the gates of that city,
The city not made by hands;
She has passed from earth and its desires
To the beautiful heavenly lands.
And the angels sang soft at her coming
And the crown of a victor did bring
To place on the brow of our loved one
As she sat at the feet of her King.

That lovely we turn to thy light,
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On the chair where sometimes she rested
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And her work with its stitches waits
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Bethel, May, 1923.

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JUDKINS WINS CASE

The case of Ronald Paradis of Rumford vs. Cedric Judkins of Upton was tried in the Supreme Judicial Court at Bangor, Friday. This was an action for damages for assault, and was one of a number of actions resulting from an incident at Upton last season. Judkins, who was a deputy sheriff, stretched a chain across the road to stop suspected rum runners. Paradis struck this chain with his car, damaging the car and injuring him. Judkins scratched the car, but found no liquor. The jury was out only a short time before returning a verdict for defendant. Albert Bellevue for plaintiff, Alton C. Wheeler for defendant. An appeal will be taken.

At a previous term there was a trial of a suit brought by Paradis against Judkins to recover the value of the car. This case was also won by Judkins.

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OXFORD COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The Oxford County Teachers' Association will hold its annual session at South Paris, Friday, May 19. The following is an outline of the program:

From 10 to 11 A. M., general session in Association Hall. Music by South Paris High School Orchestra, business, and address by State Superintendent of Schools Dr. A. O. Thomas.

11 A. M. to 12, and 1:30 to 3 P. M., department sessions. The list of speakers at these sessions includes a number from the state educational department.

7 P. M., general session at Association Hall. Music by So. Paris High School Orchestra. Address by Dr. A. O. Thomas, state superintendent of schools. The Quest of a Lost World, by Rev. H. E. Dunnack.

The officers of the Association are: Pres.—Supt. A. B. Garton, Bangor. Vice Pres.—Prin. S. J. Rawson, Mexico.

Sec. Treas.—Edith Hanson, Rumford. Exec. Com.—Supt. H. W. Coburn, Dixfield; Prin. J. P. Carter, Rumford; Supt. A. B. Hayes, So. Paris.

CENTRAL DISTRICT S. S. ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Central District Sunday School Association will be held in the churches of Oxford, Friday, May 18, 1923, with the following program:

FORENOON SESSION
10:00 Devotions.
10:15 Business.
Appointment of committees.
Reports of officers and department superintendents.
10:30 Roll call of schools. Which school will have the largest representation?
10:45 Exhibition of the District Chart by the Secretary, showing the standing of the schools.
11:00—The Program of a Sunday School Year: Its Content, Advantage and Execution, Rev. J. L. Wilson.
Discussion.
Goals and Methods, Mrs. S. A. die Patch.
11:25 Teaching Younger Children; Discussion.
11:50 Closing prayer.
12:00 Dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION
1:45 Devotions.
2:00 Reports of committees.
Elections.
Remaining business.
2:30 Teaching the Teen Age; Goals and Methods, Mrs. Edith Knightly.
Discussion.
2:55 Some Methods of Missionary Education, Rev. Helen H. Carlson.
Discussion.
3:20 Offering followed by recess of ten minutes.
3:30 How We Do It: Opening and closing the school, keeping records, securing teachers and training them, securing the cooperation of parents, sending the cradle roll and home department, raising funds for current expenses and missions, arranging for special days, etc. Workers' conference led by Mrs. Nellie Meyer.
4:00 Making Our Efforts Count, Mrs. C. B. Oliver.
4:20 Closing hymns and prayer.

The morning session will be held in the Congregational church. Dinner will be served at the Methodist Episcopal church. The afternoon session will be held in the Academy.

Where the student's work is of pure whiteness? They will, then, O! Father, be done.

Where no clouds ever darken the sun, Bethel, May, 1923.

(Continued on page 1)

1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 26

RUMFORD

The marriage of Josephat Boulanger of Berlin, N. H., and Rose Alma Robert took place last week at St. John's Church, the Rev. Fr. P. J. Dolvin officiating. The witnesses were Felix Boulanger and Elvar Blouvin. The couple will make their home in Berlin where the groom is engaged in business.

One hundred and thirty children of St. John's Parish received their first communion on Thursday morning of last week at 8 o'clock, this being the date of the Feast of the Ascension.

The death of Joseph LeVasseur, aged 41 years, occurred last week after a month's illness at his home on River Street. He is survived by his wife, they both having been residents of Rumford for the past seven years. Mr. LeVasseur was a carpenter by trade. Funeral services were held at St. John's Church with burial in the Catholic cemetery.

At the special town meeting held last week, \$51,000 was voted to be expended on the sidewalks as contained in the eight articles in the original warrant for the town meeting in March last.

Recent marriage intentions recorded at the office of the town clerk are Jean Baptiste Gagnon and Blanche Cyr, Thomas Edward Cormier and Nellie Marquis, Leroy Winfield Jordan and Jessie May Spofford, all of Rumford.

On Saturday evening of this week Children's Night will be observed, children of the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs being invited. Entertainment by the children will be a feature of the evening, and refreshments will be enjoyed.

Mrs. Charles Buford has been appointed at a meeting of Osgood Eaton Relief Corps to fill the office of treasurer of this organization for the remainder of this year, succeeding Miss Lena Felt who is leaving town. Miss Felt has served as treasurer for the Corps for many years and will be much missed.

The marriage of James Augustus Dermody and Hazel Marion Curtis took place last week, Rev. Allen Brown officiating.

Rev. E. C. Jenkins, who has served here as pastor of the Baptist church for several years, has tendered his resignation, and will move his family in July to Millinocket, where he has accepted a pastorate.

Mrs. Mena Roberts, who formerly taught in the junior high school of this town, and who is now serving as instructor in Bangor, will succeed Miss Edith Hanson, who has resigned as principal of the Chisholm school.

The Dische field, so-called, along Swift River, which has been used for

several years for school gardens, will be this season converted into an athletic field for Oxford mill use by Hugh J. Chisholm.

Mrs. Theodore F. Spear and little daughter, Ellen, are spending the month of May with her sister, Mrs. R. S. Lathimer, and family of Sandusky, Ohio.

The United States Civil Service Commission will hold a competitive examination at Rumford on May 19, 1923, for the positions of clerk and carrier in the post office at Rumford.

Mr. Sarle, who is employed in F. J. Latham's office at the Oxford mill, has engaged the Bartlett farm for the summer season, and will occupy the same early in June. Mrs. Sarle and child, who are now in Providence and soon to join Mr. Sarle here.

Mrs. Elsie B. Graves of Main Avenue has gone to South Arm to open her camp for the summer season.

Mrs. William F. Cyr is at the McCarty Hospital where she has undergone a surgical operation.

Holman Fernald, son of Mrs. Charles Fernald of Franklin Street, has been elected president of the Band of Mercy recently organized at the Universalist church. Miss Katie Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall, of York Street has been elected as secretary.

Miss Margaret McKenzie is director of the band, which promises to be kind to all living creatures.

A daughter was recently born to the wife of C. Herbert McKenzie, and has been named Jean Marion. Mr. McKenzie is the oldest son of Mrs. Mary McKenzie of Phillips, and of the late C. H. McKenzie.

G. T. Silver of this town has been a recent guest of his daughter, Mrs. Walter Waite, and family of Norway.

LaForest Delano, who has been located in Rumford for the winter season, has returned to his home in West Peru.

Hamilton and Fisher have leased the store now occupied by Dan McCafferty on Waldo Street from Adelard Ducloux, who recently purchased the McCafferty property. About the first of July, Mr. Ducloux will move his grocery store to this location, occupying the building now used as a boarding house by Mr. McCafferty.

The Joseph Bergeron property in the Virginia District consisting of a one and one-half story house and three lots of land, has been sold to the Elliott and Davis Real Estate Agency.

Mr. M. T. Stanley, who is employed in the Woodland Department of the Oxford Paper Co., is spending this week in visiting the Oxford lumbering operations in Phillips.

Through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of Mrs. A. W. Hammond the Country Gentleman has been placed in the library reading room. The Vogue and Harper's Bazaar by Miss Ella Ames. The magazine, "Unity School of Christianity," has been presented to the library for one year by "A Friend."

Improvements are being made on the Harry Marx property on Franklin St., recently purchased by Dr. Stanwood.

"Springtime," a musical play, will be presented at the Municipal Building under the auspices of the K. of C., as a benefit for their charity fund. It will take place on May 24 and 25. Two hundred local people will take part, and the production is in charge of the John Rogers Producing Co. The committee in charge are General chairman, A. E. Stearns; publicity, E. J. Roderick; ticket, F. M. McDonald; talent, Origene Philault.

The death of Mrs. Fannie M. Abbott occurred last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elbridge Wymann, of Virgin Street. The deceased came from Bethel to Rumford over sixty years ago, and has lived with her daughter for about 20 years. Her end came suddenly, as she seemed to be in her usual health the day previous to her death, although for the past five years she has been a semi-invalid. Funeral services were held from the home of her son, Virgil F. Abbott, and burial was made at East Rumford. Surviving are her daughter, Mrs. Dora Wymann, and two sons, Virgil Abbott of East Rumford, and Albert Abbott of South Paris, also a brother Charles Bean, a resident of Iowa survives.

The garbage contract for 1923 for the town of Rumford has been awarded to Fred Valiera of Rumford, whose bid was \$2,200.

The Rumford Amateur League schedule for the coming season has been announced, starting June 2nd, when the Continental Paper and Bag Co. team faces the International Paper Co. team. The schedule is as follows:

June 2—Continental vs. International
June 6—Continental vs. Merchants
June 9—International vs. Oxford
June 13—International vs. Merchants
June 16—Continental vs. Oxford
June 20—Merchants vs. Oxford
June 23—

Continental vs. International
June 27—Merchants vs. International
June 30—Continental vs. Oxford
July 4—International vs. Oxford
July 7—Merchants vs. Continental
July 11—Merchants vs. Continental
July 14—Oxford vs. International
July 18—Merchants vs. Oxford
July 21—

Continental vs. International
July 25—Merchants vs. International
July 28—Continental vs. Oxford
Aug. 1—Merchants vs. Continental
Aug. 4—Oxford vs. International
Aug. 8—Merchants vs. Oxford
Aug. 11—

Continental vs. International
Aug. 15—Merchants vs. International
Aug. 18—Open
Aug. 22—Merchants vs. Oxford
Aug. 25—

Continental vs. International
Aug. 29—Merchants vs. Oxford
Sept. 1—Open
Sept. 3, A. M.—Merchants vs. International
P. M.—Oxford vs. International
Sept. 5—Merchants vs. Continental
Sept. 8—Oxford vs. International

In addressing the Rumford Merchants Association last week, William Lester, president of the Nalco Company, Inc., stated that his firm was contemplating locating in Rumford, and had already opened negotiations with the Continental Paper and Bag Company for the lease or purchase of the Eavels Mill property.

On the evening of June 2, there will be given in Municipal Hall an elaborate school festival. This is to be the "Queen's Festival" in which 400 students of the public schools of Rumford will participate. The affair is under the direction of Miss Aurelia Clarke, director of physical training at the public schools of this town. The Queen of the Festival is to be Miss Elizabeth Eaton, daughter of Senator and Mrs. F. O. Eaton of Franklin Street. The gorgeous scenes attendant upon the crowning of the queen, the elaborate costumes of her court and attendants will form so little part of the festival. There will be pageants, knights, jesters, etc. There will also be English, Swedish and American folk dances for the benefit of the Queen, etc. This affair is given for the benefit of the Rumford Garden Club.

Supreme Judicial Court, Hon. Charles J. Dixon presiding, convened at Rumford on Tuesday of last week. The first two days were taken up almost entirely with the assignment of cases, materialization, and hearings on divorce cases, 53 of which actions are listed on the docket. The grand jury reported Tuesday evening, returning eleven indictments, two of which were dropped. The prisoners were arraigned on Wednesday, all pleading guilty with the exception of Paul Roderick, charged with selling mortgaged property. One indictment returned by the grand jury has excited much interest, that of the State vs. Town of Hartford for neglect

of highway. This case is believed to be without precedent in the State. The list of indictments are as follows:

State vs. Zephgrin Thibodeau, assault.
State vs. Eugene Gore, keeping and depositing.

State vs. Fred Guilmond, single sale.
State vs. Hartford Inhabitants, neglect of highway.
State vs. Tony Ross, larceny.
State vs. Maggie Martin, larceny.
State vs. Paul Roderick, selling mortgaged property.

State vs. James Alli, assault.
The trial of cases listed on the civil docket started Thursday morning after the jurors had been empanelled W. M. Thaurston was chosen foreman of the first jury, and M. A. LeBaron of the second. A cross action suit between Joseph Slinet and Romuald Parody in an automobile accident case was tried last week, in which the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant in each case. On Friday Judge Dunn received notice that the decision of the law court, in the case pending before them for some weeks past, relative to a just election of sheriff of Oxford County, has been awarded to William O. Frothingham of South Paris, instead of Frank Woodside of Fryeburg, by a margin of 24 votes, in a recount. Mr. Woodside has been acting as sheriff since Jan. 1, 1923.

In the case of Romuald Paradis vs. Cedric Jenkins for assault, tried on Friday and Saturday, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. In the case of Frank V. Jettiquoy of Bethel vs. Frank Jannaci of Rumford for an account not settled, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of \$50.48.

The case of Theodore Felt vs. Pond and McLean for assault, and Algeron Harding vs. Pond and McLean for assault, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff in each case against both defendants in the first case for \$39, and in the other case for \$30. It is not known at this writing just how long court will continue.

The stock of Sheehan and Landry has been bought by James Clark and James McMennamly, who are going on with the business, and will sell out the present stock at much reduced prices.

Mrs. A. K. Martin of Franklin Street is in Marlboro, Mass., called there by the illness of her sister, Mrs. William H. Barney.

Not long ago a woman on Lamson St., East Boston (Mass.), gave out a praiseworthy letter which appeared in newspapers. She mentioned how thankful she was for having been told about a constitutional medicine known as Dr. True's Elixir.

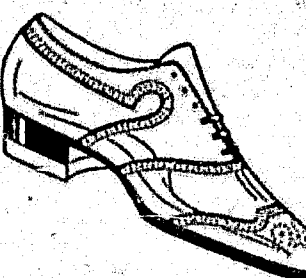
Now another resident, Mrs. Rogers, of 105 Falcon St., East Boston, writes: "I still have Dr. True's Elixir, for it surely benefits me; I have a good appetite and eat everything that I want. I could not get along as good as I do if I did not take Dr. True's Elixir. It is surely a wonderful medicine. I never felt any better than now since I took the Elixir."

In East Boston and everywhere else there are women, men and children who, also, can be made better in health by using Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. A favorite laxative for over 71 years! 40c—60c—\$1.00. Adv.

Bobby's Petulance Gone. Bobby had been the first child and the pet of the household for three years, when one morning there came a girl baby, in whom now all the loving attention and interest seemed centered. Bobby stood it for three days, then, going to his mother, said: "If that baby is going to stay at our house I wish it would bring its own maver!"



Dorothy Dodd
Faultless Fitting Footwear



Becomingly styled for the street or for jaunty outdoor dress or sport apparel, faultless fitting, shapely and durable, the "Berwick" is an ultra-smart walking oxford of Zan-zibar Brown Calf, with low rubber heel.

Style Leadership

ALWAYS youthful in their charm, ever in the smartest mode, meeting every requirement of fit and fashion, DOROTHY DODD shoes carry the stamp of style authority and a reputation for unwavering worth. Be guided by the DOROTHY DODD name in your shoe buying; it is your assurance of service and satisfaction, your guarantee of style and value, stamped by the makers on every pair.

Allen's Shoe Store
BETHEL, MAINE

Agency for

TWIN TOWN BAKERY PRODUCTS

A GOOD ASSORTMENT AND ALWAYS FRESH

Young's Variety Store

FOR SALE

Cedar Posts and Stakes

INQUIRE OF

BARTLETT BROS., Bethel, Me.

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

All for Your Satisfaction

The taste of the well dressed man is varied—that's why we have variety at our stores.

Our Variety Now is the Largest Ever

Smart snappy clothes for the young man. Clothes of taste and style for the active man and good conservative styles for the elderly man.

We are Representatives of

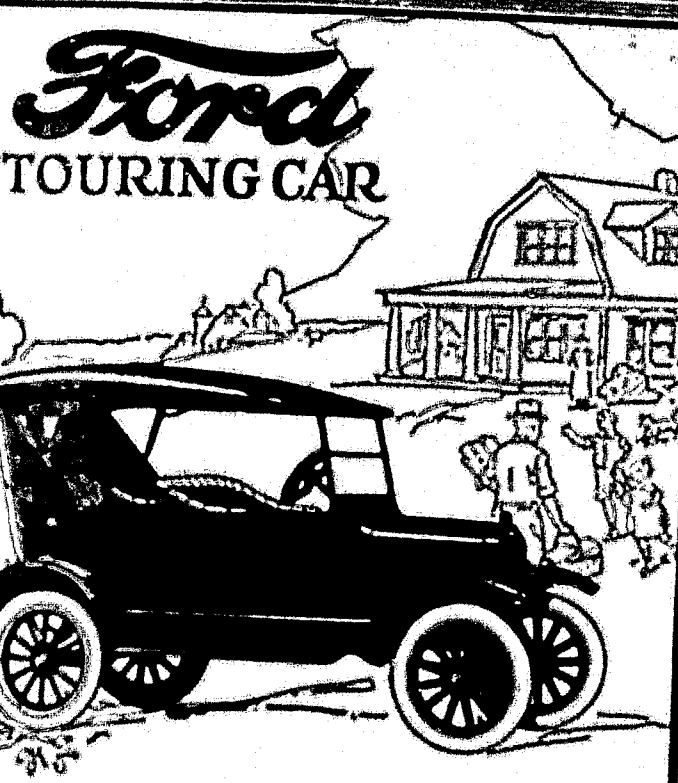
KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHCRAFT STYLEPLUS

The Clothes that are Guaranteed to You and to Us.

Now that the travelling is good why not come and see us. Mail and telephone orders receive prompt attention.

ADVANCING PRICES HAVE NOT REACHED OUR STORE YET.

NORWAY Blue Stores SO. PARIS



Ford TOURING CAR

\$298
F.O.B. DETROIT

A Greater Touring Car Value

The present price of the Ford Touring Car is the lowest ever made.

And yet the car itself is a greater value. It is better looking with slanting windshield, a one-man top and improved seats. And there are many refinements in chassis construction.

The demand is so great that deliveries will soon be impossible. To protect yourself, order now. Make a small down payment, the balance on easy terms.

Ford prices have never been so low. Ford quality has never been so high.

HERRICK BROS. CO.
BETHEL, ME.

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as the "Custard Cup," originally "Crested Court." Her chief patron being a Mrs. Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crank" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of her household, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small boy, Lattie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. Lattie takes her to Penzie, and Lattie is adopted into the family.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle Jerry. He announces he is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jerry arranges to occupy the left above Mrs. Penfield's above.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle Jerry meets Prudence Hapgood, no longer young, but attractive, and the two appear to "hit it off." Well, Lorena Percy, young friend of Penzie's, tells her of her engagement to Dick Chase, and a mutual friend.

CHAPTER VII.—Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Bosley, husband of Gussie, worried Penzie.

CHAPTER VIII.—Calming a tenant, Mrs. Sanders, on the floor of a room, Penzie reveals the fact in story of her own life, the sudden loss of her three children and the subsequent death of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.—Lattie's pet aversion to the Custard Cup has long been known to Mr. Josiah Wopple, and the animosity culminates in a repeated encounter in which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Chase confides to Mrs. Penfield that his fiancée's mother, Mrs. Percy, by pleading physical helplessness, is seeking to prevent their marriage. Penzie actually exposes Mrs. Percy's sham, and the latter is forced to withdraw her objections.

CHAPTER XI.—The domestic difficulties of the Bosleys become a matter of gossip among the other tenants of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER XII.—Lattie, having subtly discovered her beloved Penzie's distrust of Frank Bosley as a companion of Uncle Jerry, denounces Bosley, and appeals to Uncle Jerry to give up the acquaintance ship. They laugh at her.

CHAPTER XIII.—Endeavoring to prevent the marriage of Lorena and Dick Chase, Mrs. Percy succeeds in badly damaging Lorena's trousseau. Penzie, by the hardest kind of work, repairs the damage, and the wedding takes place.

CHAPTER XIV.—Remarks let fall by Mrs. Bosley leave Penzie in utter bewilderment as to the relations between Uncle Jerry and the Bosleys. Uncle Jerry is evasive in his explanations.

She scrubbed her face and hands to the full capacity of soap and water, brushed her black curls with conscientious vigor, and put on her better gingham dress. For a moment she stared in dismay at her shabby shoes. Mrs. Penfield had bought them when Lattie first arrived, but they had necessarily been cheap ones, and the inevitable had happened.

"I don't care!" decided Lattie, with a toss of her head. "The upper part of me's as good as anybody, and I'll keep looking at that. Some day I'll have lots of shoes—lots of 'em."

Uplifted by the redundant luxury of the future, Lattie set forth. Her objective had been to mind from the first. Part of the information which she had picked up in her open-air life was the system by which advertising material is distributed. She had known more than one boy who was employed by The Wideawake Advertising agency, and her present visit was to headquarters.

The office was on the ground floor, a narrow room in the old barn. The company consisted of the man and an office boy. It was the latter who stepped forward when Lattie entered, the bigger light in the corner by way of welcoming her as from the view of the critical, but her head was very high.

"Is the manager in?"

The manager was unfortunately to Lattie herself could see him, a stout man with heavy eyebrows, sitting at a desk behind the counter. But the young man was a person of evasion.

"What can I do for you?" he said, with a lazy smile.

"You can let me see the manager," informed Lattie, coolly. "I got business with him."

"Have you?" drawled the young man. "Well, I'll tell him."

Lattie considered swiftly. This was a business errand. It was a time for dignity. One could not be too careful. "Tell him Miss Penfield," she replied, proudly.

The young man laughed aloud, but Lattie stared at him with undiminished composure. The room was so small that every word uttered in it was distinctly audible to all its occupants. Therefore the stout man at the desk was accurately posted on the interview in due time. Nevertheless, his assistant turned toward him, suddenly by a pivotal movement of his elbow on the counter, and inquired:

"Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss Penfield?"



"Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss Penfield?"

Penfield?"

Mr. Abbott faced about, appraised Lattie without any indication of joy, and shrugged a bored shoulder.

"Let her come in," he said indifferently.

Lattie went.

Mr. Abbott smiled faintly at the small creature who had settled into the chair at the side of his desk. He was evidently inclined to underestimate the seriousness of the impending interview.

"What's eating you, kid?" he inquired good-naturedly.

Lattie shot him a glance of scornful reproach. "I come to talk business," she announced coldly.

"Well, talk it then. What's the hitch?"

Thus encouraged, Lattie jumped straight from the shore into the middle of the pond. "I gotta scheme—a grand scheme that'll save you heaps of money, heaps and heaps!" she added, waving her lean arms to indicate a sum approaching dazzling proportions.

"You don't say! What's the scheme?"

"Well—" Lattie squirmed to the edge of her chair in expansive excitement. "Well, I been watching your boys, how they all time walk, walk—hike up steps—hike down—And—taint necessary. I gotta scheme that cuts out the steps. It—"

"Oh! Sort of wrecking machine?"

Lattie stamped her feet, first one and then the other, in an atavistic performance highly compelling in its own way. "Quit laughing! I got it all doped out, and it works. This—this machine of mine holds the card or the handbill, and the boy holds the machine, and—"

A gust of laughter shook Mr. Abbott's ample shoulders. "Branch on the tree, tree in the ground, green grass—"

With a spring, Lattie came to her feet. "Shut up!" she shrieked. "Don't you dare to make fun of me. You'll get me—Oh, excuse—"

Limply she dropped back into her chair. It had occurred to her vaguely that business must be conducted not according to natural changes of feeling, but by heretic methods calculated to coax results. And because Mr. Abbott happened to be amused by daylight fireworks, he languidly gave her another chance.

"Excuse me," repeated Lattie, by way of emphasizing her contrition. "I got excited thinking 'bout this here machine." A bright smile danced across her small mouth and lighted up her black eyes. "You see, it's a wonderful scheme. All the boys has to do is to stand at the bottom of the steps and shoot the card under the door—I got it all doped out now—and then while he's looking to the next house, he puts another card into the—"

The swivel chair creaked suddenly, as Mr. Abbott jerked himself to an erect position. The working fastness disappeared from his face, like the flick of a switch. "Where's your card?" he demanded.

"It's at home. I—"

"He'd steal it, eh? Well, I can tell you—"

"Oh, no!" interrupted Lattie breathlessly. Her black eyes sprang wide as she glimpsed the hideousness of failure. "I—thought I'd see if you were interested, 'cause if you are, I—d make machines for you—for a dollar apiece. And, honest, they—"

In her eagerness to forestall refusal, she rushed madly through all the points of her scheme, instead of marshaling them diplomatically, as she had planned.

Mr. Abbott took up his pencil and found his place in the account book from which he had been taking notes. It was painfully evident that his ear tolerance was exhausted. His good nature was in jeopardy, his pocket free gold, and after a few minutes free, he confronted the bareness of country rock. Seeing this reversal of attitude, Lattie grew cold with prickles of ghastly fear. Before her mental vision was a misty picture of Christmas trees, stars, jollity, cheer! It faded slowly, receded farther—and farther, she gasped.

"Oh, please be interested," she begged, pounding a small brown fist into her open palm. "Honest, it'll save you heaps—"

"Have nothing! Spending your pipe dream wasted. It'd take a boy as long to load up the contraption—"

"Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss

"But even if it did," broke in Lattie eagerly, "it'd pay 'cause he'd be more excited and—"

"I ain't aiming to get my boys excited. My line ain't revivals; it's advertising. Now you run 'long out here while I'm still holding on to my temper. Do you hear?"

Lattie rose swiftly, her face white with fear, her eyes blazing with intensity. "You gotta listen. Honest, you'd get more work out of your boys. I'll bring it; I'll show you; I'll—"

"Get outa here! I ain't going to bother—"

"Holy Jiminety!" cried the child, with a stare of anger. "Can't you talk sense? I'm telling you straight—"

"Jack," called Mr. Abbott, "put this kid out."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Lattie. "Don't you dare—" In a blinding rust of rage at the threatened indignity, she clenched her fists and pounded the frail old desk till the papers rustled and the inkwell rocked against its metal holder. A wrathful red had surged into her cheeks; her narrow chest jumped up and down in agony.

"Don't you dare! Just have a heart. Listen till I— Oh, let me alone. Don't you dare; don't you—"

Shrieking, protesting, lashing out with her lean, angry arms, Miss Penfield was being forcibly ejected from the office of the Wideawake Advertising agency. The boy Jack, with unconcealed relish, had grasped the child by a thin elbow and was guiding her to the door. Not without difficulty, however! He was able to control the general direction, but not without picturesque zigzags. Letting the alternating shouts of entreaty and defiance, was executing a series of contortions about the fulcrum of her own elbow which would have given suggestions to a vaudeville dancer in search of innovations.

"You don't know boys," screamed Lattie. "Legs, don't you! You don't know boys. They'd rather work a trick than eat. They—"

"Shut up, you wild Indian," advised the boy called Jack.

"Shut up, yourself!" retorted Lattie. "You don't know boys. You don't know—"

She stopped, abruptly conscious that she was addressing a closed door and a sidewalk empty of life except for a pattering Alrodo, obviously not interested in advertising.

Stiffing with anger, panic-stricken by failure, Lattie dashed down the street, into a vacant lot where there was a sprawling live-oak tree. With small brown fists she began beating the rough trunk. Wild sobbings shook her thin frame. Tears rolled down her face; anger dried them on her hot cheeks, only to replace them by a new flood.

With savage delight in her own suffering, she beat the gnarled bark till the blood came and her muscles ached. Then her arms dropped; she slumped into a heap on the ground—no longer a will-driven human being, full of fight and fierceness, but a forlorn little girl, hopeless and heart-broken. With all the gathered longing of a hard, dreary childhood, she had set her mind on these holidays as upon some idealized heights of bliss. And now it was to be as it had at any time: no tree, no presents, no party, no games, no anything!

Next week she would prow through various streets in the early dusk, stopping now and then before a window to watch somebody else's Christmas tree, spreading its branches between parted curtains, dotted with lighted candles that gleamed on tinsel and gay red bells—just as she had done last year—and year before—and year before! Perhaps, as had happened once, she would find a church party. She would climb up on a fence and look in at the window—at groups and groups of children waiting for Santa Claus to give them presents from the big tree with its deep, soft laughs and chains of tinsel and glitter. Inside—outside! What a difference! And she Lattie would be outside, clinging to a fence, looking in upon good times that had never been hers. Outside—always, always outside!

Her body shook with sobs. Her thin fingers twisted in the dry grass and the sharp cold leaves. . . . Something cold touched her burning cheek. She squirmed away. The cold touch glowed. She reached to push it away, and dry drops fell on the soft curve of a cheek. With one eye Lattie sat up and saw her arms around the shaggy creature. He looked her face. He was a white dog, a dog of family, and he had seen small people suffer before, so he knew exactly what to do. He continued to lick—and Lattie continued to hug. He had offered his sympathy and she took it with greed, and felt vastly better. Her tears were checked.

"You see," she said aloud, her voice breaking over a dry sob. "It works. That makes it hard to stand. It works!" Her lip quivered, but she was not going to cry before this new friend who was giving her the slightest hint of advice with a wagging tail, tempered by a heartening look out of soft blue eyes.

Lattie patted him more absently, more and more dreamily, her thoughts withdrawing into the seclusion of anxious meditation. She scarcely noticed when he left her, at the call of his own master. . . . Not his brief sympathy had given her courage. She contemplated the shattered items of her ambitious plan. That was one trouble. She had been too ambitious, hoping to make many dollars. . . . Out of the chaos a new thought took shape, beckoned with promise, beck Lattie flying down the street again, back to The Custard Cup. She patted the driveway and into Number 47. With a flash of black curls

she whirled into the bedroom, seized her invention from behind the sleeping box, and was off again, racing along through the driveway and up the street, running, running, balancing the long pole with plunging compensation.



Lattie Patted Him More Absently.

"I gotta have that tree," she repeated over and over, half sobbing still. "I gotta. I promised. Oh, Penzie, I'm gonna."

She reached the Wideawake office utterly breathless and frenzied by the inward struggle between hope and despair. Her curls whirled across her face as she dashed through the door, through the gate in the counter, past the astonished Jack, and brought up at the desk.

The long pole wavered uncertainly above the head of Mr. Abbott, who dropped his pencil and jerked back in instinctive reaction.

"Here!" pointed Lattie through dry lips. "Here! See—for yourself. You can have it—and the whole scheme—make as many as you want—for a dollar. Whole thing—a dollar!"

Mr. Abbott stared at the child in speechless amazement, his eyes widening following the imminent gyrations of the long stick. Lattie, watching him with eagle gaze and seeing no signs of success, clutched desperately for further leverage. Perhaps apology! That was often what people required of her. Certainly if an apology or two would turn the scales, it was not a time for personal reserve.

"Excuse me—for getting mad," she gasped out. "I gotta beastly temper. To home—I pound it out, but you—you didn't have anything to pound—quick 'nough. And excuse me for using your desk. If you'd had a gong, you know—"

"Holy smoke!" interrupted Mr. Abbott, with some faint indications of plunging into another pocket of good nature. "Don't have heart failure or hypochondria or anything—not in my office. Sit down, sister, and grab on to yourself. Let's see if we can find out what 'ryum you come out of."

With a humpy sigh Lattie dropped into a chair, and having collected a modest supply of breath, she launched into a demonstration of her model. At the end of the stick were two arcs of wire which closed upon the card. The arcs were held together by a wire loop, which could be released by two arcs, also of wire, that ran down the handle within reach of the operator.

The contrivance was crudely made. The wires were far from even, and they were clamped to the long stick with carpet tacks; but as Lattie trippedly and repeatedly pointed out, "it worked."

Mr. Abbott himself worked it a number of times, not rapidly but with undiminished results. Let the card be in specified position. He shook his head. "I don't see how you can expect it to do more than some seconds where the steps are high."

"Oh, sir," cried Lattie, "boys would just love—"

"Shame!" interrupted Mr. Abbott. "Point to me. He paused, thinking, 'the most Christmas' he began presently."

Lattie came out of her chair. "Thank you, sir," she said.

He looked at her keenly. "I got a boy that's crazy over machinery. Did you say a dollar?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry to—ask so much," she stammered, now thoroughly humbled. "But I—I gotta have—"

He said nothing. But presently he drew out an old wallet with a pleasant bulge and extracted from it a green bill, which he slowly unfolded. It was a dollar bill. Lattie's white eyes fastened on it with unthinking fascination.

It was the key to fairyland, the thing she had hoped for, worked for, fought for; but now that it lay before her, her heart stopped; her body grew rigid except for the play of muscles in her throat; a mist swam before her eyes.

"Here you are, sister." He passed over the bill.

Lattie took it in a daze. She tried to speak. "Thank—thank—" Her voice bumped up and down; her thin chest heaved. In an awe of emotion she clutched the bill and stumbled out of the office. Never before had she owned a dollar; a thick part of it was the largest sum that had ever come into

her hands, and that had been immediately swallowed up by the Wopple-window debt.

"Oh, Penzie," she cried, as she burst into the kitchen. "I got it; I got it. Jimmy, ain't you glad?"

"Depends on what you got, dear," returned Mrs. Penfield, grown cautious through much experience.

Lattie held up her fanned flat, so tightly clenched that the bones showed white under the bloodless skin. Slowly, triumphantly, she opened it.

"Now you can have the tree and the party and fun—and everything, can't you?" she shouted. "Gosh, I thought I'd never pull it off."

"Lattie, dear," sighed Mrs. Penfield. "We got to do something 'bout your language."

Lattie grinned. "Not 'fore Christmas, have we?"

"I expect we wouldn't have time 'fore Christmas," smiled Mrs. Penfield, "but we got to get it by New Year's."

Lattie reverted to matters of more moment. "And now, Penzie, you'll do what you promised and show me how to buy a big, big Christmas? We got money 'nough now, haven't we?"

"Oh, plenty. All we got to do is to plan, and we'll get right at it."

CHAPTER XVII

Dimes, Limited.

"The reason some folks have to have so much money," explained Mrs. Penfield, "is, they don't know how to plan. Land, they'd be 'sperled to know how little money they could live on if they'd only mix their brains with it."

It was admitted at Number 47 that funds were ample for the project in hand, but the young Miss Penfield was dismayed to find her capital diminished from one dollar to eighty cents, the intervening twenty being required to liquidate the final payment on the Wopple window.

It seemed that one could not face a holiday in the right attitude if one were in debt, and Lattie could not be spared to earn further money before the festive day. However, Crink brought in five cents, returned from an errand, and Thad joyfully contributed one penny, gross proceeds from two hours of chicken-fencing from the Chatterbox garden. Total, eighty-six cents!

Mrs. Penfield knew a place in the country where a tree could be had for nothing. But it would take two car-fares and return; also Crink and the family hatchet. Twenty cents was segregated for the enterprise.

The next morning an important expedition set forth from The Custard Cup. Mrs. Penfield went along as guide, but the motive force was Lattie, who bore the badge of authority in a small purse containing sixty-six cents in negotiable form. She was easily the happiest child in the whole city. Her feet pressed the rainbow path of Promise; her fingers held the wand of Possibility; her starved life was suddenly illumined with the light of joy, dazzling by contrast, scarcely to be believed, permeating her being with a feeling of unreality.

The Penfields had a long walk, but the morning was beautiful, bright and crisp, with a bracing quality that emphasized the cheerful spirit of the season. There had been rain a few days before, washing the haze from the hills, giving greener life to lawns and trees. The streets were bustling with activity. Expressmen and delivery boys were busier than usual, running up steps and ringing doorbells with an agreeable appearance of rush; people were hurrying in every direction, carrying packages of delightful mystery.

Mrs. Penfield guided Lattie to a store that catered to shoppers whose desires were ambitious and whose resources were small. Head held high, Lattie pushed her way through the crowd that thronged the aisles. The first item on her list was tree trimmings. But she blinked in bewilderment at the array before her. And a dime was the limit, the absolute limit for this department. Lattie set her teeth and eliminated systematically until she reached the most for the least, which gave her three yards of thin silver tinsel for ten cents.

Can't! Most emphatically! A Christmas tree without candles is an evasive sky without stars. For the affluent, candles were provided in boxes at ten cents per; but others might be had at the rate of six for five cents. Mrs. Penfield, who had by Lattie, who had the subject of her mental batteries upon safety of branch and limb. But candles were too expensive. They came in sets of twelve clamped to a card, and you were obliged to take the set, five or six without.

Lattie stood before the display so long that impatient shoppers disputed the space she occupied, so absorbed that the interrogations of floor-walkers failed to penetrate her consciousness. Her heart pounded in a panic. How could she do what couldn't be done? She looked around. A woman stood beside her, engaged in mental work on candle-holders. With the installation of wide experience, Lattie appraised her instantly.

"Landy gracious!" she cried. "Ain't it a fright the way they jump 'em?" The woman looked up. "Ain't it?" she agreed. "And the six-for-five candles are longer's them in boxes, too."

"I gotta scheme," said Lattie. "What say if we go sneaks on a card?"

"I'd be glad to."

Thereupon nickels were pooled, and a card was purchased and divided, to the infinite satisfaction of everybody concerned.

The Penfield plan allowed another dime for candy, but it was no easy matter to decide upon the variety. Divisibility had to be considered, as well as bulk. Fortunately, the lower the price the higher the color, so the lat-

ter quality took care of itself. Lattie, pacing up and down before the long counter of heaped-up candies, came to rest before "plain mints" and "midget mints." Suddenly they represented the best values. The midget would yield greater numbers, but plain mints would surely melt less rapidly and therefore give longer entertainment to the consumer. Ultimately Lattie's money was on plain mints.

The other purchases required little selection and were speedily made. They consisted of a tablet of plain, good paper for one dime; two packages of envelopes, for another; a spool of white thread, five cents; and a stick of pink-and-white candy, one cent. The latter would help decorate the tree and also serve as a gift for Thad.

During all these transactions Mrs. Penfield had been merely an attentive bit of background, but in the following few minutes she was called upon to take an active stand. It proved to be no simple matter to get Miss Lattie out of the store. So engrossed had she been in the purchases on her tentative list that she had scarcely cast a comprehending glance at other commodities; but now that her responsibility was over and her cash exhausted, she turned a fascinated eye upon tables and counters of alluring articles.

Lattie had never had anything to do with stores. This was the first time in her life that she had ever bought anything. The bustle, the glitter, the endless array, wrought havoc with her imagination, filled her with a frenzy of intoxication. Little cars with wheels that turned; dime banks that looked like the most blooming peaches on Mrs. Penfield's wall; games, books, toys! Marbles—imagine, twenty-four round pieces of baked terra firma for the ridiculous sum of five cents! How happy Crink would be! How Thad's soul eyes would bulge! It was more than could be borne.

"I don't care!" Lattie burst into frantic sobs that carried over a wide circle. "I don't care! Do you hear? I don't care!" Tears streamed down her face. She stamped her foot and swung her free arm with a violence and attitude that first grazed several astonished shoppers and then led to a somewhat freer space around the child.

"Lattie, dear," expostulated Mrs. Penfield hurriedly, "remember where you are."

"I do," shrieked Lattie. "That's what's the matter. I don't care. Some day I'll have things—oceans and heaps and oodles of things—millions more'n they've got here. I don't—"

"Lattie!" There was a finality in the word; there was also an expressive decision in the grasp of her arm. With swift skill Mrs. Penfield pushed her through the curious crowd, out of the store, to the comparative seclusion of a cross street.

"Lattie," she said sadly, "I'm ashamed of you, making a scene that way. I thought you were—"

"Oh, Penzie!" interrupted the child. "I'm awful sorry. But I got so full, thinking, seemed as if I'd bust. I had to let her out. I got so dangerous inside. All them things! Her voice was freighted with suppressed rebellion. "Why, Crink and Thad would be tickled—"

"No, Lattie," interposed Mrs. Penfield, as they went on slowly, "they wouldn't be one mite happier. Land, the world wasn't never fixed up so unfair as that. Taint the folks that have things that's happy; it's the folks that know they don't want things. When you get a little older, you'll see that the reason rich folks are unhappy 'cause they got things; and the reason poor folks are unhappy is 'cause they want things. When folks get through twining their heart strings and their thoughts around things, then the world'll be miles nearer bliss than it is now."

Lattie's black eyes were wide with reproach. "Why, Penzie, you don't mean that Crink and Thad wouldn't like some of these—"

"Honest, no. I don't mean they wouldn't like 'em; but I mean they'll be just as happy without 'em if you don't go and stir 'em all up with thoughts that you've twisted in your own head. Christmas ain't preening it's feelings. And there's one thing you ought to keep in mind: it's a waste of good food to feed any girl if there ain't at least two other folks happier 'cause she's living."

Lattie's face cleared, a smile chased across her face. "I get you," she nodded. "It's up to me to do something."

"Yes, Lattie, dear, it's up to you right now, today."

"Ain't I the limit?" cried Lattie for disgust. "All time forgetting what I'm trying to remember! Gee, I know I'm lucky. I'll show you, Penzie; honest, I will."

It was long past lunch time when Crink returned with the tree, and he tried many hours before he accented a base that would support it in a corner of the living room. But the sooner was the fragrant fir in place than every little Penfield felt that Christmas was an assured fact.

Lattie meantime was making picture puzzles—mounting illustrations from Weatherstone magazines on paste-board from old boxes and cutting them into fantastic shapes. Each puzzle was put in an envelope and inscribed with the name of a Custard Cup tenant who would be a guest at the party. By the following evening the preparations had taken a different turn. Everybody gathered about the table in the living room to make blots. The table paper was cut into narrow pieces. Lattie's ink bottles had been brought out; and a few drops of ink, both black and red, were shaken from a pen on each paper, which was then folded once and smoothed flat. The resulting blots look varied, interesting forms, some of which were touched up with late penner outlines.

To be continued.

